1,000 Ice Show tickets to be won! See page 16

TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

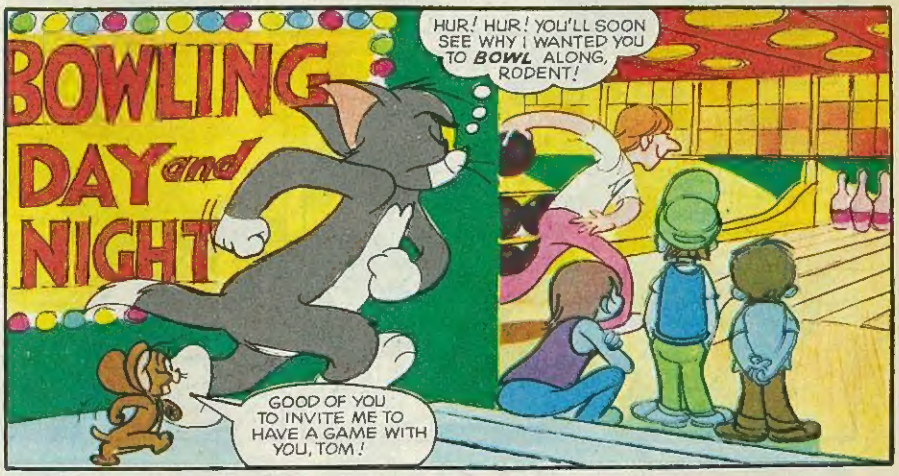
7p

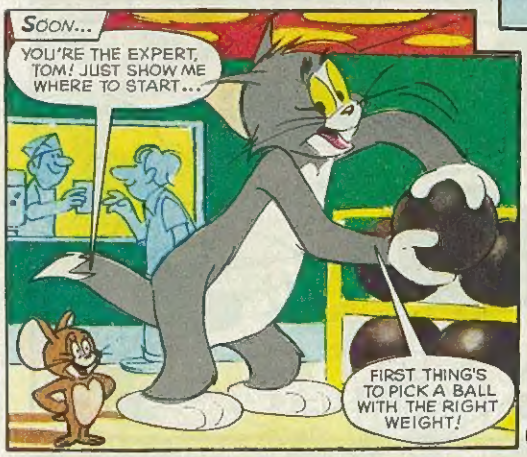
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

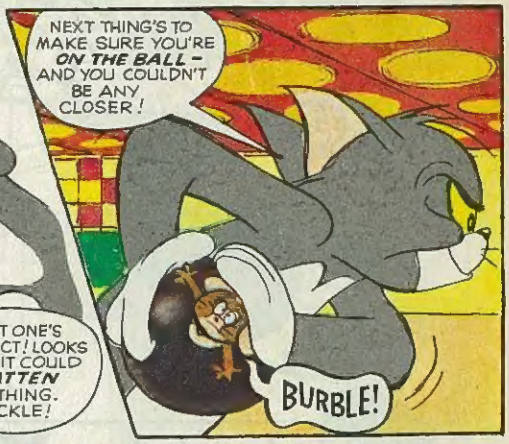
Every Monday | Week ending 9th November, 1974 | Number 1195

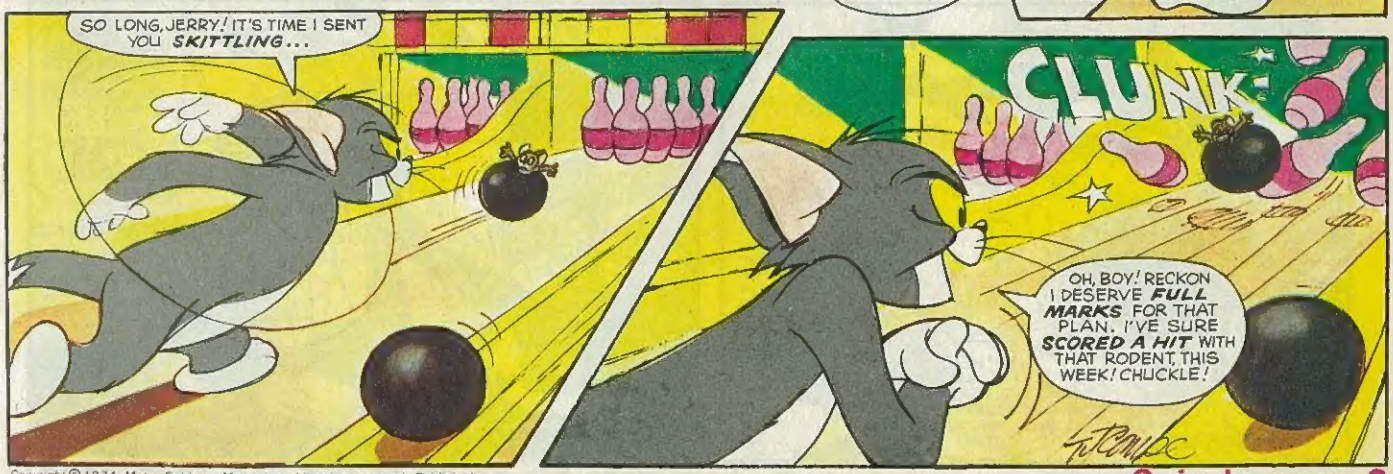
TOM and JERRY

BOWLING DAY and NIGHT








SO LONG, JERRY! IT'S TIME I SENT YOU SKITTLING...
CLUNK!
OH, BOY! RECKON I DESERVE FULL MARKS FOR THAT PLAN. I'VE SURE SCORED A HIT WITH THAT RODENT THIS WEEK! CHUCKLE!

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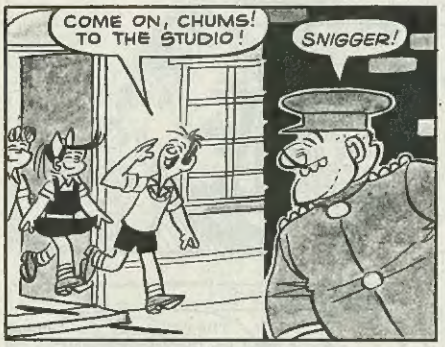
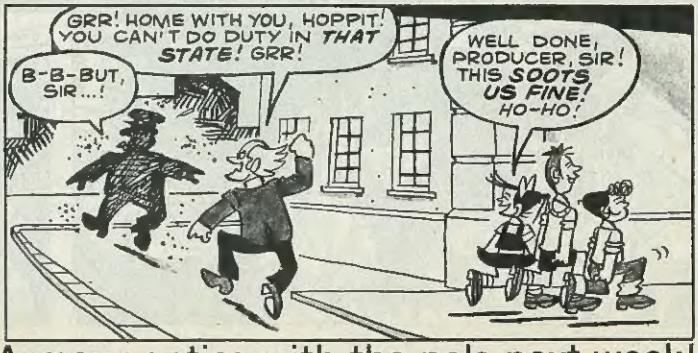
Spin to page 2

I SHOULD'VE GUESSED TOM'S NO ALLY OF MINE ON THE BOWLING ALLEY! BUT I'LL SHOW HIM HE CAN'T SWEEP ME ASIDE SO EASILY!
AS THE BALL IS RETURNED...
TOM'S IN FOR A SHOCK IF HE THINKS I'D JUST HAVE LANE THERE AND DONE NOTHING!
RUMBLE!
AND...
THINK I'LL PLAY BY MYSELF. NOW IT'S KINDA PEACEFUL!
HI, TOM! TALKING OF BOWLING...
OOF!
...FOR TWO PINS I COULD KNOCK YOU FOR SIX! TAKE THAT!
KERACK
KERASH!
I'M ALWAYS GAME FOR A LITTLE FOUL PLAY.
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
NOW IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED THAT YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME, TOM!
SMACK!
HEH! HEH! YOU COULD SAY YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT YOUR TEETH INTO THIS HOBBY, TOM!
OOOOMPH!
BOWLIN
DAY and NIGHT
RECKON TOM THOUGHT I WAS A REAL KNOCKOUT IN THERE. SO MUCH SO, THAT I'VE LEFT HIM SPEECHLESS. SNIGGER!

Tom gets his chips at the fish shop soon!

TV Terrors





Armour antics with the pals next week!

CANNON

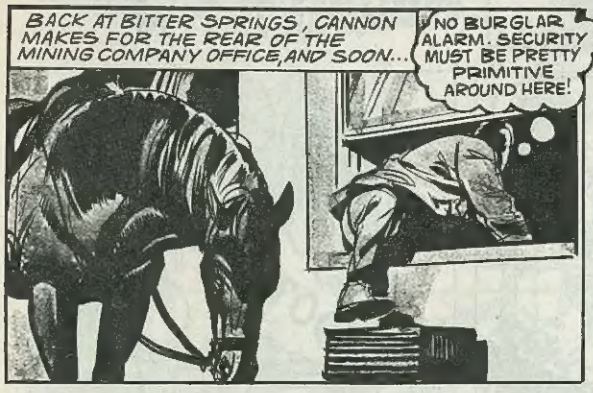
SEARCHING for the mysterious band of Red Indians that have burnt down the Houseman homestead, Frank Cannon is given the cold shoulder in the small Louisiana town of Bitter Springs. Returning to town unseen and on foot, he discovers the Indians attacking another farm and goes to help. But unbeknown to Cannon, his car has been found . . .

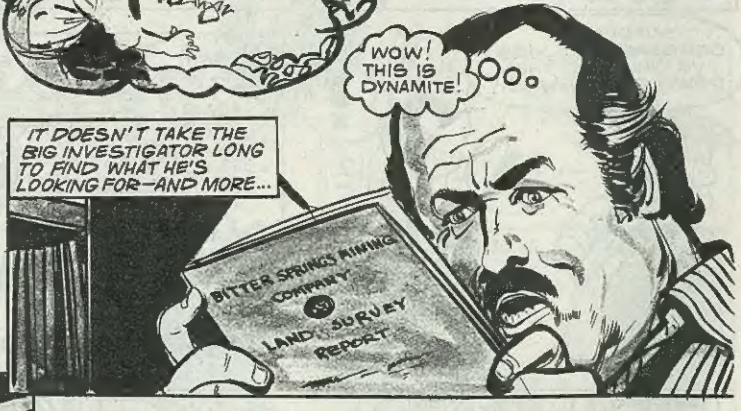
YOU REALLY MEAN WE SHOULD FINISH THAT GUY CANNON, WES?
WE'RE PLAYING FOR BIG STAKES, HANK. THAT SNOOPER COULD FINISH EVERYTHING. SO ARRANGE A LITTLE ACCIDENT FOR HIM, OKAY?

WHILE AT THE BURNT OUT BRADY FARM...
THAT'S RIGHT, MR CANNON, BOTH DAN HOUSEMAN AND ME HAVE HAD OFFERS FROM THE BITTER SPRINGS MINING COMPANY!
IS THAT THE FLASHY JOINT NEXT TO THE HOTEL?

YOU GOT IT! RUN BY A FELLAH, NAME OF WES MAYHEW. REAL SMOOTH CITY LAWYER. GOTTEN THEM TOWNSFOLK AROUND HIS LITTLE FINGER!
WHAT'S HE FOUND ON YOUR LAND THAT HE WANTS SO BAD? THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT, PAT!

MA BOY, FERNIE, SAW HIM UP IN THE HILLS MAKIN' A LITTLE BOX TICK WHEN HE WAVED IT OVER THE ROCKS!
URANIUM!
NOT LONG AFTER...
THE ONLY WAY I CAN PROVE ANYTHING IS TO GET INTO MAYHEW'S OFFICE. THE REST IS UP TO YOU, PAT!
LEAVE THAT TO ME, MR CANNON. I'LL GET TO THE STATE MARSHAL AT SMITHTOWN!


BACK AT BITTER SPRINGS, CANNON MAKES FOR THE REAR OF THE MINING COMPANY OFFICE, AND SOON...
NO BURGLAR ALARM. SECURITY MUST BE PRETTY PRIMITIVE AROUND HERE!


WOW! THIS IS DYNAMITE!
IT DOESN'T TAKE THE BIG INVESTIGATOR LONG TO FIND WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR—AND MORE...
BITTER SPRINGS MINING COMPANY
LAND SURVEY REPORT

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE IN THE SILENT MAIN STREET...
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT, BOYS, HE COULD BE HOLED UP ANYWHERE!
RECKON WE MIGHT NOT HAVE TO WAIT THAT LONG, WES...

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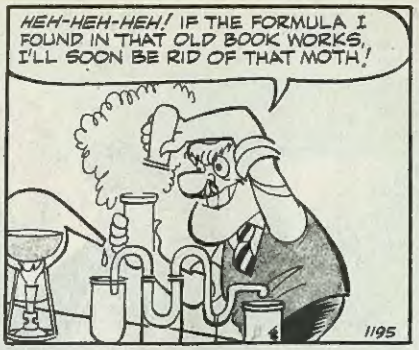
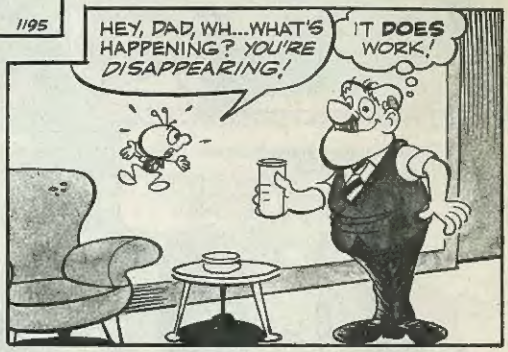
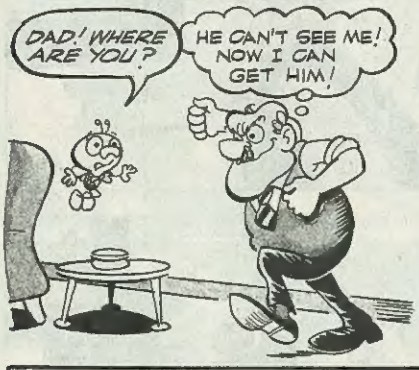
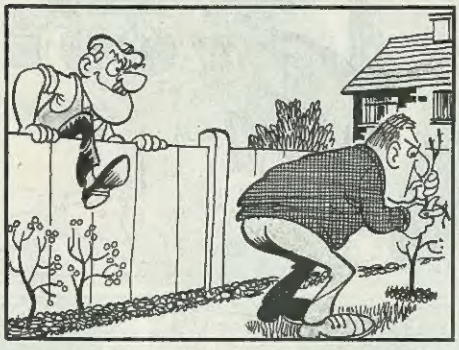
Cannon takes the plunge soon!

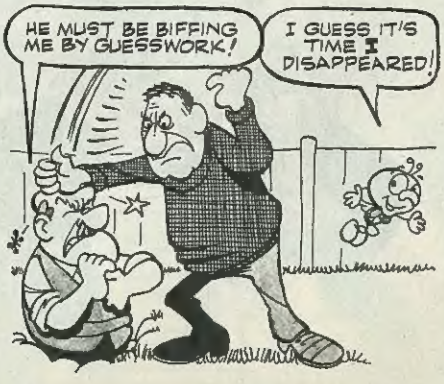
MIGHTY MOTH











More mighty mirth with our moth next week!

BARNEY BEAR

BUT...
IF YOU WANT A FIVE-PENCE PIECE YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY SOMETHING AND HAVE IT IN THE CHANGE!
PRICES
OH, ALL RIGHT. A TIN OF COLA AND TWO STRAWS, PLEASE.

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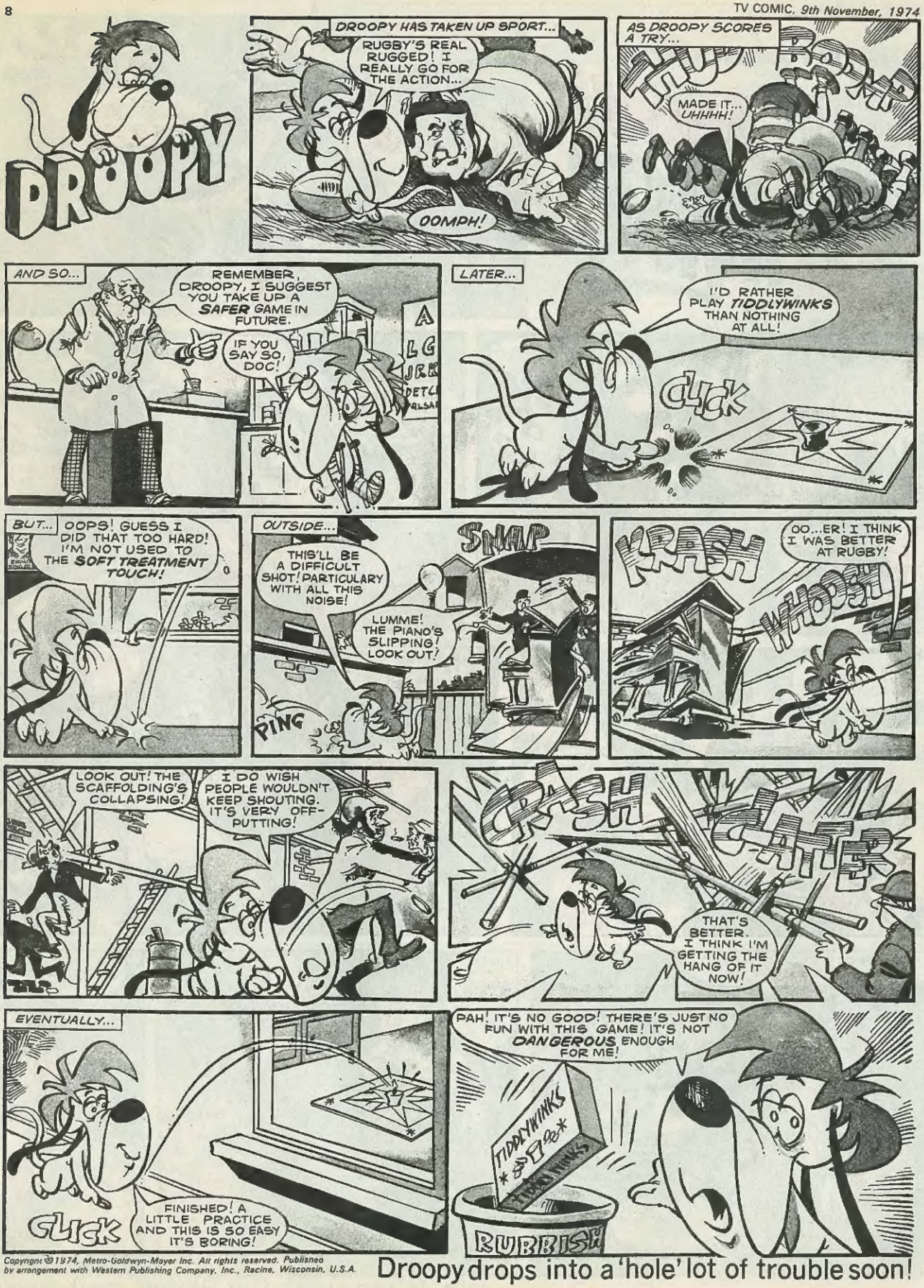
Grin and 'bear' it again soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

GOOD MORNING, RING TAILED LEMURS. HOW ARE YOUR RING TAILS THIS MORNING?
IF YOU GIVE US A RING WE MIGHT TELL YOU!
YOU MIGHT WRING AN ANSWER FROM US!

Join Johnny with the Rhinos next week!


DROOPY
DROOPY HAS TAKEN UP SPORT...
RUGBY'S REAL RUGGED! I REALLY GO FOR THE ACTION...
OOMPH!
AS DROOPY SCORES A TRY...
MADE IT... UHHHH!
AND SO...
REMEMBER, DROOPY, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE UP A SAFER GAME IN FUTURE.
IF YOU SAY SO, DOC!
LATER...
I'D RATHER PLAY TIDDLYWINKS THAN NOTHING AT ALL!
CLICK
BUT...
OOPS! GUESS I DID THAT TOO HARD! I'M NOT USED TO THE SOFT TREATMENT TOUCH!
OUTSIDE...
SNAP
THIS'LL BE A DIFFICULT SHOT! PARTICULARY WITH ALL THIS NOISE!
LUMME! THE PIANO'S SLIPPING! LOOK OUT!
PING
KRASH
WHOOSH
OO...ER! I THINK I WAS BETTER AT RUGBY!
LOOK OUT! THE SCAFFOLDING'S COLLAPSING!
I DO WISH PEOPLE WOULDN'T KEEP SHOUTING. IT'S VERY OFF-PUTTING!
CRASH
LATER
THAT'S BETTER. I THINK I'M GETTING THE HANG OF IT NOW!
EVENTUALLY...
CLICK
FINISHED! A LITTLE PRACTICE AND THIS IS SO EASY IT'S BORING!
PAH! IT'S NO GOOD! THERE'S JUST NO FUN WITH THIS GAME! IT'S NOT DANGEROUS ENOUGH FOR ME!
TIDDLYWINKS
RUBBISH

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Droopy drops into a 'hole' lot of trouble soon!

POPEYE
SPINACH
GRAN'PAPPY ISN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER. IT'S TIME HE HAD A MEDICAL CHECK-UP.
YEAH. I RECKON HIS CHANNEL SWIM TOOK A LOT OUTTA HIM!
I TRIED TO PERSUADE HIM TO SEE THE DOCTOR BUT HE REFUSED.
I'LL RING THE DOC. MAYBE HE'D PAY GRAN' PAPPY A VISIT.
LEAVE IT TO ME, POPEYE. I'LL PAY THE OLD CHAP A VISIT THIS AFTERNOON.
SORRY, DOC. I CAN'T FIT YA IN TODAY— I'M PLAYIN' RUGBY. TRY TOMORROW!
NEXT DAY...
I FORGOT I WAS ENTERED FOR THE WEIGHT-LIFTING CHAMPIONSHIPS THIS AFTERNOON. MAYBE TOMORROW.
NEXT DAY...
SORRY ABOUT THIS, DOC. IT'S THE 26 MILE MARATHON TODAY.
3
NEXT DAY...
TRY AGAIN NEXT WEEK, DOC. THIS IS A SIX DAY CYCLE RACE!
A WEEK LATER...
GRAN' PAPPY HAS DEFINITELY AGREED TO AN EXAMINATION TODAY, POPEYE.
GOOD. I HOPE HE'S FIT.
I'VE COME TO R... REPORT ON G... G...GRAN'PAPPY!
DOC! YA LOOKS SHATTERED! COME AN' SIT DOWN!
THIS NICE CUP OF TEA WILL SOOTHE YOUR NERVES, DOCTOR.
WELL, HOW'S GRAN'PAPPY?
HE'S F... FINE! J...JUST FINE!
HOW ABOUT YERSELF?
WELL, ALTHOUGH GRAN'PAPPY WAS STILL BUSY HE LET ME GIVE HIM A CHECK-UP!
BUT THAT'S DEFINITELY THE LAST TIME I EXAMINE A PATIENT ON A TRAPEZE!
SAY 'AH'!

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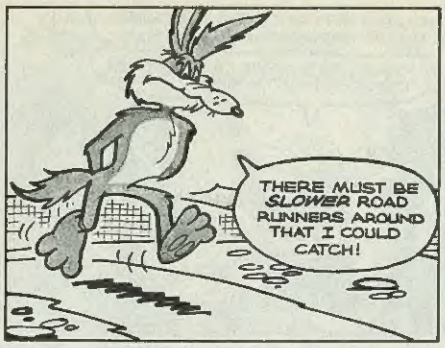
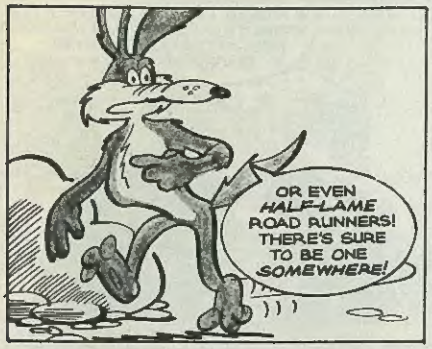
Work goes wrong for Wimpy soon!

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner





GO AWAY!
TREMBLE! SHAKE!
GONE TO GROUND TILL GRANPA ROADRUNNER GOES HOME
COME ON, WILE E... YOU SON-OF-A-GUN! GRANPA WANTS ANOTHER RUN! HO-HO!

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A tip for a tap next week!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

This is a photograph of me, taken at school. My name is Gail Yoxall, age twelve years. My hobbies are swimming, tennis, badminton and stamp collecting. I especially like animals. I have an Alsatian dog called Sheena, four rabbits called Shadow, Houdini, Rusty and Snowy, one hamster called Rudolf and a goldfish called Sammy. I am hoping to get a budgie for Christmas as both my parents like them. My Mum says wait and see, so I've got my fingers crossed.
PS. your comic is FAB.

Gail Yoxall, Thorckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

You sound like old Noah collecting up his specimens before the Flood came. You haven't had a similar warning, have you? I mean a sort of heavenly GAIL WARNING! Ouch! I'm sorry, I couldn't avoid the temptation!

STAR LETTER

My name is Joanna Tapping and I am eleven years old. My hobbies are ballet, tennis, swimming and I am taking up golf. My father also plays golf and one evening he was playing with a friend who hit the ball and it landed by a tree. In that tree there was an owl and its young. One of the baby owls was on the ground under the tree and as the golfer went for his ball, the mother owl flew down to protect her baby. Still not realising what was happening, the man stepped forward for his ball and the adult owl attacked his head. The man had a bad cut but he was all right otherwise.

Joanna Tapping, Northallerton, North Yorkshire.

And I always thought golf was a nice peaceful game!? I bet there's a notice at the bottom of that tree now which says: BEWARE OF LOW FLYING OWLS!

Dear Editor

A long time ago we went to Devon for a holiday and on the way back we went to the Safari Park at Longleat. The man who owned it said: "Take your cases off because of the monkeys", but we did not. When we got to the monkeys we did not think they would undo the straps but instead of that they chewed through the corners and took dresses and cardigans. Everyone was laughing; the man got them back and we went home laughing, too.

Janine Pizzala, Kennington, Ashford, Kent.

A pretty account of 'monkey business' at Longleat. Be warned, other would-be visitors. Those monkeys are not as daft as we think they are.

Dear Editor

I thought that readers would like to hear about my cat. My brother and myself are great TV Comic fans and we did not realise there was another fan in the house until quite recently. One morning, we went down to get our TV Comic only to find our cat on the doormat eating it. Afterwards the cat was sick. But the next week we again found the cat had eaten some of our comic. We have now fixed a cage on the door so that the cat can never eat our TV Comic again.

Mark Gray, Stobhill, Morpeth, Northumberland.

Do you think he could have taken a fancy to Jerry? After all, a mouse is a mouse in any form. Even a paper mouse is better than none!

Dear Editor

My name is Susan Leahey and I am twelve years old. We went on our holidays about three weeks ago. We all had a great time and when we came back, about two weeks after, we got a rabbit. His name is Harvey; he is only a baby but he is fun. This is a photograph which was taken on our holidays. The photo shows my Mum and Dad.

Susan Leahey, Edge Lane, Lancs.

Congratulations on having a good holiday! Congratulations on the new rabbit! Congratulations on having such a good looking Mum and Dad! And for getting your letter published!

LOOK!

TV COMIC annual 1975
NOW ON SALE!

If you are unable to obtain the annual from your newsagent fill in the coupon on the right and enclose 85p plus 5p (to cover postage) and send the postal order and coupon to: TV COMIC Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Name .....

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☆Enclosed 90p postal order

BASIL BRUSH

COR! LUCKY I'M 'OME! THERE'S THUNDER ABOUT!

1195

GUV! I'M 'OME! WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M HERE, CHUMMERS!

WHAT ARE YER DOING IN THERE, GUV?

THERE WAS A THUNDERSTORM! YOU KNOW I HATE LOUD BANGS!

I SAY, CHUMMERS— THESE WERE SUPER EGGS YOU BOUGHT AT ...

BANG!

WASSAT?

IT'S OLD SILAS THE POACHER, FIRING HIS SHOT-GUN OVER THE WOODS. I'LL CHASE 'IM AWAY!

BE CAREFUL, CHUMMERS. HE'S RATHER CARELESS WITH THAT GUN!

DON'T WORRY, GUV— I KNOW 'OW TO SCARE 'IM AWAY!

GERROFF!

NEXT DAY...

I JUST HAD TO BUY SOME MORE OF THOSE LOVELY EGGS YOU...

BANG!

IT'S ONLY A CAR BACKFIRIN', GUV!

OUR LOVELY EGGS! BROKEN!

HEY, BASIL. THE VILLAGE COUNCIL HAS ORGANISED A FIREWORK DISPLAY ON THE GREEN TONIGHT. THEN WE'RE HAVING BANGERS ROUND THE FIRE AFTERWARDS— WILL YOU AND CHUMMERS BE COMING?

ER... I'M AFRAID WE HAVE A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

I COULDN'T ADMIT THAT I'D JUMP OUT OF MY SKIN WITH ALL THOSE BANGERS, CHUMMERS!

FIREWORKS IS FUN WHEN THEY'RE PROPERLY ORGANISED, GUV! TELL YOU WHAT, WE'LL WATCH 'EM FROM THE HILL!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! EVEN I WON'T JUMP FROM THAT DISTANCE!

SO...

I SAY! ISN'T THIS SUPER!

OH, WELL, THAT'S OVER. I S'POSE WE MIGHT AS WELL GO 'OME!

I'M STARVING! WHAT'S THAT DELICIOUS SMELL..?

SNIFF - SNIFF! IT'S SAUSAGES!

HI! BASIL! COME AND JOIN US FOR BANGERS ROUND THE FIRE.

HA! HA! 'BANGERS ROUND THE FIRE' MEANT SAUSAGES!

THE SORT OF BANGERS THAT DON'T MAKE EVEN **ME** JUMP!

Basil gets taken for a ride — by a horse soon!

TARZAN

THANKS to the actions of Malog, the witch doctor, the superstitious M'Bhutu believe a kidnapped teenager, Carlos Schmidt, is N'Gara-Gara, the god of mercy, come to save them from famine. Carlos — who is the Crown Prince of Perezuela — uses his influence to order Tarzan and Boy to be slain, after they have crossed him. But as natives near Boy . . .

THAT MOMENT...
BOY HAS PLAYED HIS PART WELL. WHILE THE M'BHUTU WATCH HIM, I MUST REACH CARLOS. MALOG HAS TOLD ME THE WAY THROUGH THE SECRET PATHS!

THE TERRIFIED CARLOS CANNOT BELIEVE HIS EARS...
I C-CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH L-LONGER! TARZAN, I'LL DO ANYTHING-YOU CANNOT JUST WATCH ME FALL...
BILL LACEY

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Next week: the final act!

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
COME ONE COME ALL
© 1974 Peter Thurlow — Baldart Ltd
WHEN THE PLATOON RECEIVES AN INVITATION TO VISIT A NEARBY NAVAL BASE...
I KNEW WE COULD EXPECT THE SENIOR SERVICE TO DO THINGS PROPERLY!
JONES
MAINWARING IS DIRECTED TO THE BASE COMMANDER...
AN EXCELLENT TURN OUT, COMMANDER. I CONSIDER IT A GREAT HONOUR!
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN MAINWARING BUT...ER...YOU SEE...
THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A MIX UP WITH THE DATES. THE ADMIRAL'S ARRIVING TO INSPECT THE BASE AT ANY TIME.
PAH! DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF THIS CHAP THE MOMENT I SAW HIM!
WOULD YOU JUST CARRY ON, CAPTAIN MAINWARING, BUT PLEASE KEEP YOUR MEN OUT OF SIGHT. TAKE A LOOK AT THE SUBMARINE.
IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO, ISN'T IT, SIR?
JUST LIKE WILSON. NO SENSE OF PRIDE!
BUT ONCE BELOW DECKS ..
I S-SAY! IT'S RATHER AIRLESS! COULDN'T WE OPEN A WINDOW!
AYE! 'TIS A WEIRD FEELING WITH NOUGHT BUT WATER ABOVE YE!
I COULD SHOW JERRY A FEW TRICKS IF I WERE CAPTAIN!
AND IN CAPTAIN MAINWARING'S DREAM...
SHE'S BANG IN OUR SIGHTS! FIRE ONE AND TWO...
THE HOME GUARD NEVER SEES THE IMAGINED RESULT OF HIS ACTION. PRIVATE PIKE SEES TO THAT...
CAN I HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, CAPTAIN MAINWARING?
WHAT...? A PERISCOPE, WRETCHED BOY, IS FOR THE CAPTAIN'S PRIVILEGE ONLY... GET BACK!
OOOH! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE MADE ME DO!
'ERE, WATCH OUT! YOU'VE PLONKED THOSE LEVERS!
DIVE
AT THAT MOMENT, ABOVE...
I CONGRATULATE YOU ON A MOST EFFICIENT...
SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE DEVIL'S HAPPENING?
I BET IT'S THAT FOOL MAINWARING!
AHOY THERE! I'M AFRAID WE'VE... ER... HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT!
BAH! I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED THE ARMY WAS BEHIND THIS!
THEN...
ONE MIGHT SAY THAT THE SENIOR SERVICE WERE SUNK BY AN EVEN SENIOR SERVICE, EH, SIR?
NO HOME GUARD WILL EVER ENTER MY BASE AGAIN!
LEIG
SEA
ROYAL NAVY
BASE

A bright spark lets loose the light soon!

GREAT WEMBLEY PANTOMIME

1000 tickets to be WON!

Plus: Six star prizes of Kodak Instamatic cameras! Each of the lucky winners will receive two tickets for the Empire Pool Luxury Indoor Arena, Wembley, for one of the following performances:
Monday, December 23 — 2 pm
Monday, December 23 — 6 pm

How to enter: just colour the picture of Aladdin, using paints or crayons. Then cut out your entry and send it — together with the completed coupon stuck to the reverse side—to: ALADDIN COMPETITION, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2

Rules: A parent or guardian must sign your entry, stating that he/she will accompany you if you win tickets. The Editor's decision is final. We regret that it will not be possible to change tickets. Competition closing date: Thursday, November 28, 1974.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... AGE ....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT/GUARDIAN

.....

(Complete in capital letters)

ITS PRACTICE THAT MAKES PROFESSIONALS!

beat this —

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Choose from two models—Super Garden or Super de Luxe in the sizes listed here. ALL PRICES INCLUDE VAT. ADD 75p FOR CARRIAGE.

Normal delivery 10 days, but please order early for Christmas!

	Super Garden	Super de Luxe *as illustrated*
7′ x 5′	£ 7-25	£10-25
9′ x 6′	£ 9-25	£11-75
12′ x 6′	£11-75	£14-25

Save £2 by buying two at once!

Train like the star Pro's do! These lightweight portable goalposts are just like those your star team uses, scaled down to your size. Originally introduced by Agriframes Ltd in 1971, they are now used in many thousands of gardens all over Britain. We may have our imitators now, but still ONLY AGRIFRAMES can offer as good a goalpost at such a price. Get Dad to post the coupon — RIGHT NOW!

SPECIAL NOTE TO DADS ●*It's the gift of a lifetime—just think how much fun YOU'LL get from it!* ●*Superbly made from rustproofed galvanised steel with tough polypropylene orange net as used by professionals.*

●*Easy to put up or take down, no tools required—packs easily for storage.*

●**Money back guarantee if not delighted after 14 days trial!**

Deduct £2 from your remittance if buying two at one time

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I enclose £.....Cash/Cheque/P.O.

Please don't forget to add 75p for carriage.

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(Offer applies to UK Mainland only) TVC 5

The BUGS BUNNY Show
'HUNTING HAVOC!'
WHEEE!
ZIP!
BLAM!
HELP! THE HUNTERS ARE AFTER ME AGAIN!
GASP! WHY DOES EVERY TRIGGER-HAPPY HUNTER HAVE TO PICK ON US POOR DUCKS! GASP!
BLAM! BLAM!
YEEK! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!
BUGSY!
BLAM! BLAM!
HELP! YOWCH! OOH! OOH!
PESKY CARROT-PILFERING RODENT! GRRR!
YEEK! IT MUST BE DUCK HUNTERS THIS TIME!
BLAM! BLAM!
HELP! HELP!
KEEP AWAY FROM TWEETY-PIE OR ELSE!
RUN, PUTEY-TAT, RUN! TWEE-HEE!
BLAM!
SYLVESTER!
BLAM! BLAM!
YEEEK! HERE THEY COME NOW! IT MUST BE!
BOOM!
YOSEMITE SAM!
YEAGH! MY CANNON BACK-FIRED ON ME!
WE MUST STICK TOGETHER, MY FRIENDS AND DO SOMETHING TO SECURE OUR SAFETY!
PUFF!
PANT!
KINDLY TAKE ONE PLACARD EACH AND FOLLOW ME!
THIS SHOULD STOP US BEING SHOT AT BUGSY!
WITH GUNS
BAN THE BLAM!
DOWN WITH SHOTGUNS
BLAM! BLAM! MUST SCRAM!
PAIR
GRR! CAN'T YOU LOT READ?
WITH SHOTGUNS
G-GULP!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS!
BAH! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN LISTEN TO A DAFT DUCK!
BLAM! BLAM!
IT WOULD APPEAR THAT WE DUCKS ARE A MOST UNFORTUNATE BREED! SIGH!

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Waiting for a weight next week!

The Very Huge Freddo Frog PAGE AGAIN!

I've been judging your letters and here are some good ones...

'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE CLOTHING? -His jumper.'
from:- Georgina Crouch, New Malden.

Here's a nice drawing of me
from:- Nichola Johns, Walsall.

'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE GAME?- Croaket (Croquet)'
from:- Tracey Holland, Rugby.

AND HERE ARE SOME MORE FREDDO JOKES-

'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE T.V. PROGRAMME?: Hopportunity Knocks.'
from:- J. Clipson, Leicester, and Andrew Hubbard, Withernsea.

'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE FLOWER?: A Croak-us (Crocus)'
from:- Bernadette Shryane, Manchester.

'WHAT IS FREDDO'S FAVOURITE MEAL?: Toad-in-the-hole.' from:- Dale Cross, Leicester, Kim Taylor, Coventry and David Munn, Gillingham.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET ON MY PAGE AND WIN £1 IS:- Write a Freddo joke, OR write a story for a Freddo comic strip, OR make-a-Freddo, AND SEND YOUR ENTRY TO:-

FREDDO,
DEPT. G911
CADBURY LTD.,
CONFECTIONERY GROUP,
BOURNVILLE,
BIRMINGHAM,
B30 2LU.

Cadbury's Freddo THE FIRST JOKE-TELLING CHOCOLATE FROG.

BEGINS THIS WEEK! YOUR CHANCE TO MEET . . .

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT

Roobarb

ROOBARB WAS WOKEN UP ONE GREY MORNING BY A STRANGE, SHRIEKING, HOWLING NOISE...
HOW FUNNY! WHY IS EVERYTHING FALLING OVER THIS MORNING? I'D BETTER CONSULT CUSTARD.
I SAY, CUSTARD, HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT THE WORLD IS TRAVELLING FASTER TODAY?
DON'T BE DAFT, ROOBARB! IT'S A GALE!
A GALE? I DON'T THINK I'VE HEARD OF ANY SUCH ANIMAL!
THE FORECAST SAID WE SHOULD EXPECT GALE-FORCE WINDS! SO I'M GOING TO STAY BY THE FIRE!
PERHAPS IT'S TIME THIS GALE ANIMAL LOST FOR A CHANGE, CUSTARD!
I'VE HEARD IT SAID, IT DOESN'T PAY TO WALK INTO THE TEETH OF A GALE!
HEEDLESS TO THIS WARNING, THE INTREPID ROOBARB SETS OUT TO SEEK THE LAIR OF THE FEROCIOUS GALE!
MY COLD NOSE WILL LEAD ME TO WHERE HIS BLOW IS COMING FROM!
WITH ANY LUCK HE'LL BE PUFFED OUT BY THE TIME I FIND HIM...
THEN...
HELP!
AHA! THIS MUST BE HIS LAIR!
SNARL! WOOF! SNARL!
SUDDENLY...
WHOOSH!
EVEN IF GALE-FORCE IS STRONGER THAN ROOBARB-FORCE, I STRUCK A BLOW FOR FREEDOM!

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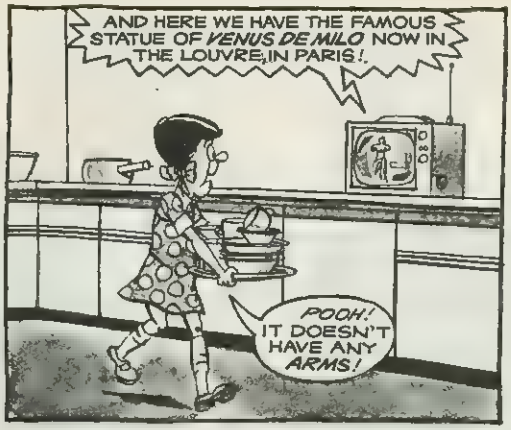
Things look black without any coal soon!

NELLY AND HER TELLY



Laurel & Hardy

HO, BOY, I'M STARVING! WELL DONE, STANLEY— LUNCH COMING UP!
WRONG, OLLIE—YOUR LUNCH IS GOING *DOWN!* I'M BECOMING A *LITTLE TIRED* OF DOING ALL THE WORK IN THIS HOUSE!
YEEEK!

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I DO ALL YOUR *WASHING*, OLLIE!
SQUELCH!
YERK! GLUB!
AND CLEAN ALL YOUR *SHOES!* SNIFF!
BONK-BONK
OW! OOH! OOH!
AND I'M ESPECIALLY TIRED OF DOING ALL YOUR *IRONING!*
BONK!
YAAGH! STOP, STANLEY! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

YOU'VE NEVER COMPLAINED BEFORE! WHY START NOW?
DRUM!
HOWL! YOU'VE DRIVEN ME TO IT! I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR SLAVE, ANY MORE!
COME, COME, STANLEY! DRY YOUR TEARS! I QUITE UNDERSTAND...
SNIFF!

IN FUTURE I SHALL HELP MORE ABOUT THE HOUSE, STANLEY! IS THAT BETTER?
SNIFF! SURE, OLLIE!
I KNOW I'VE BEEN SELFISH, STANLEY BUT THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON. LET'S SHAKE, PAL!
YOU BET, OLLIE!
NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED, I'LL POP UPSTAIRS FOR MY AFTERNOON NAP STANLEY!
OKAY, OLLIE!

SHRIEK! THE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LAYABOUT! HE *HASN'T MADE THE BEDS!*
JUST YOU WAIT, YOU LAYABOUT *IDLER!*
PUFF! G-GULP! NOW OLLIE'S THROWING EVERYTHING BUT THE *BOOK* AT ME!

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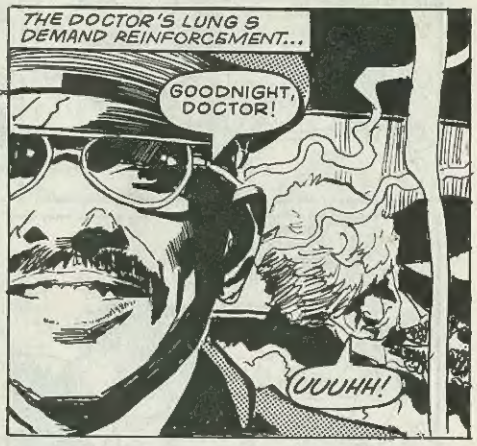
DR WHO in 'Lords of the Ether!'

A MYSTERIOUS tunnel has been discovered on the moon by the Achilles 1 lunar mission. A rock sample picked up from the floor has led to the petrifaction of the returning crew and spacecraft. The doctor considers the new mineral so dangerous that he intends to stop it falling into the hands of any Earth government. Resigning from the British delegation to the Earth Space Agency, he returns to England knowing that he must reach the Tardis before any unscrupulous power can grab him. But in a taxi from the airport he finds he has fallen straight into a trap . . .

UNBEKNOWN TO THE DESPERATE DOCTOR, THE CLOSELY-PURSUING CAR IS DRIVEN BY A YOUNG C.I.A. AGENT...
WHAT THE DEVIL IS HE UP TO? SOMETHING'S WRITTEN ON THAT PAPER...



OUT IN THE FRESH AIR, THE DOCTOR QUICKLY RECOVERS...
I AM INDEBTED TO YOU, SIR. I CAN ONLY ASSUME FROM YOUR EXPERT HANDLING OF THE SITUATION THAT YOU ARE NO AMATEUR.
THAT'S PRETTY BRIGHT, DOCTOR. THE NAME'S GODINO- HARRY GODINO!

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WHAT NOW, MR GODINO? AM I A PRISONER OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT? YOU ARE A U.S. AGENT, AREN'T YOU?
IT'S HARDLY WORTH DENYING IT, DOC. BUT MY BRIEF IS TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES YOU TICK!
IN THAT CASE, I THINK YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ME HOME. YOU'LL ONLY FOLLOW ME, ANYWAY! AND IT SEEMS I NEED PROTECTION!
GOOD THINKING, DOC!
LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...
SAY, ISN'T THIS PLACE SOMETHING! HOW OLD IS IT, DOC?
ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OR SO, HARRY. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M HUNGRY!
IF I CAN ONLY LOSE HIM LONG ENOUGH TO GET TO THE TARDIS!
AND INSIDE...
WOW! WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!
YES, WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO IN THE WAY OF FIXING SOME FOOD WHILE YOU LOOK AROUND!
IT DOESN'T TAKE THE AMERICAN LONG TO BECOME SUSPICIOUS OF THE DOCTOR'S CONTINUING ABSENCE...
WHAT A PRIZE GOON I'LL LOOK IF HE'S GIVEN ME THE SLIP! WHAT'S IN HERE?
DOCTOR? YOU IN THERE?
WHAT IN TARNATION IS THAT?
I MUST BE GOING NUTS!
SUDDENLY...
IT'S A TRAP!
SECONDS LATER...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Next week: stepping into space!

PINK PANTHER
'TIS NEARLY TWELVE OF THE CLOCK, AS TOWN CRIER, 'TIS TIME I WENT OUT AND SHOUTED YE NEWS. WHAT A PITY THERE'S NOTHING TO REPORT.
OYEZ! OYEZ! TWELVE O'CLOCK ON A COLD NIGHT AND ALL'S WELL!
ODDS BODIKINS! JUST AS I DROPPETH OFF TO SLEEP, YONDER TOWN CRIER DOTH WAKE ME UP!
AND HE'LL BE BACK AT ONE O'CLOCK!
THEN I SHALL BE WAITING FOR HIM WITH THIS BED WARMING PAN!
ONE HOUR LATER...
ONE OF THE CLOCK AND STILL NO NEWS TO REPORT.
OYEZ! OYEZ! ONE O'CLOCK ON A COLD NIGHT AND ALL'S...
KLONK!
OH, WELL, AT LEAST THERE'S SOME NEWS TO TELL!
OYEZ! OYEZ! ANGRY PEASANT THROWETH WARMING PAN AT TOWN CRIER!
DIST THOU HEAREST THAT? HE CALLETH THEE A PEASANT!
SMASH!
OYEZ! OYEZ! NOW PEASANT'S WIFE THROWETH WATER JUG!
WE CAN'T SLEEP!
BE QUIET!
LET US LAY HANDS ON HIM!
WE'LL KEEPETH HIM QUIET!
OYEZ! OYEZ! ANGRY POPULACE CHASE TOWN CRIER!
NEXT DAY...
METHINKS I WAS BORN THREE HUNDRED YEARS TOO SOON. AT LEAST I'D BE SAFE IF I READ THE NEWS ON THE TELLY!
SPLAT!
SPLONK!

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A lesson with a lion soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION